

THE CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian.
Rev. George L. Curtis, Pastor. Sunday services: Morning worship 10.30 Sabbath-school, 12.10. Christian Endeavor, 7.00. Evening worship, 7.45 o'clock. Prayer-meeting each Wednesday night.

Westminster Church.
Rev. George A. Paul, Pastor. Divine worship at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Young People's Prayer Meeting at 6.45 P. M. A cordial welcome to all.

First Methodist Episcopal.
Rev. Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, pastor. Church services at 10.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Young People's Epworth League at 7 P. M. Wednesday evening, Prayer Service at 8 P. M. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock Junior Epworth League.

German Presbyterian.
Sunday services: Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Emil J. Buttinghausen, at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 1.15 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday at 8 P. M. Young People's Society, Friday at 8 P. M. Young Men's Christian Association meets on Thursday evenings at 8 P. M.

First Baptist Church.
Rev. Fred W. Buis, pastor. Sabbath preaching services at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Young Men's Prayer and Song Winter Circle, Sabbath at 6.45 P. M. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday at 8 P. M. General Prayer and Conference meeting Wednesday at 8 P. M. Junior Endeavor Friday at 3.30 P. M. Everybody welcome. All seats free.

Glen Ridge Congregational.
Corner of Ridgewood Avenue and Clark Street. Rev. Elliott Wilber Brown, D.D., pastor. Sunday morning worship at 10.45; Sunday-school, 12 M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, 7 P. M.; Evening worship at 7.45; Church prayer-meeting Wednesday at 8 o'clock.

Watessing M. E. Church.
Rev. S. Trevena Jackson, Ph. D., Pastor. Devotional Meeting, 9.30 A. M.; Preaching, 10.30 A. M., subject, "Good Cheer." Sunday-school, at 2.30 P. M., Epworth League, at 5.30 P. M., Preaching at 7.30 P. M., subject, "Does Death End All?"

Church of the Sacred Heart.
The Rev. J. M. Nardello, pastor. First Mass, 6.30 A. M. Mass and sermon, 8.30 A. M. High Mass and sermon, 10.30 A. M. Sunday-school, 3 P. M. Veepser service, 3.30 P. M.

East Orange Baptist Church.
Prospect Street. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer-meeting at 7.45 Friday evening.

Montgomery Chapel.
Wilson S. Phraner, Superintendent. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Service of Song at 7.45 P. M. Sunday-school at 3 P. M. Young People's meeting at 7.15 P. M.

During the week the gymnasium and reading-room will be open for men and boys on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 10 P. M. and on Saturday afternoon from 2.30 to 5.30 P. M.; for ladies and girls on Thursday evening from 7.30 to 10 P. M. Montgomery Chapel Cadets will drill on Friday evening.

Unity Church, (Unitarian).
"Unity Church, (Unitarian)" Church Street, Montclair. Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, pastor. Morning service at 11 A. M. "Are We Free Moral Agents? I. The Absolute Necessity of an Answer." Sunday-school at 9.45. Subject of Conversation Class "The Stole Religion and Universal Law."

Christ Episcopal.
Corner Bloomfield and Park Avenues. The Rev. Edwin A. White, rector.

SUNDAY SERVICES:
Celebration of Holy Communion, 8 A. M. Sunday-school, 9.50 A. M.; Morning prayer and sermon, 11 A. M.; Choral Even Song, 4.30 P. M.

Church of the Ascension.
(EPISCOPAL).
Montgomery and Berkeley avenues. The Rev. H. P. Scratby, in charge. Sunday services: Holy Communion, except first Sunday in month, 8 A. M.; first Sunday in month, 10.30 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon, 10.30 A. M.; Sunday-school, 3 P. M.; evening prayer and sermon, 8 P. M.

Bloomfield Mission.
Glenwood Avenue, near Centre. Sunday-school at 3.30 P. M. Gospel service on Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock.

Silver Lake Union Chapel.
Franklin street, corner Belmont avenue. Sabbath services: Sunday-school, 10 P. M.; Preaching, 10.30 A. M.; Week-day 12 P. M. meeting, Friday evening 8 P. M. Everybody welcome.

BROOKDALE REFORMED.
Rev. W. E. Bogardus, Pastor. Sunday services: Sabbath school at 9.40 A. M.; preaching services at 10.45 A. M.; Christian Endeavor at 7.15 P. M.; preaching services at 8.00 P. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8.00 o'clock.

BROOKDALE BAPTIST.
Rev. J. H. Brittain, pastor. Sabbath preaching services at 1.15 P. M.; Sunday-school at 2.00 P. M.; prayer-meeting, Wednesday at 8 P. M.

St. John's Lutheran Church.
Corner Liberty Street and Austin Place. Rev. Friedrich Noldeke, pastor. Services 10.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M. Sunday-school at 3 P. M. Ladies Aid Society first Sabbath of every month at 2 P. M. Junior Society last Thursday of every month at 7.45 P. M.

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THE WAYWARD CHILD.

By Rev. S. Trevena Jackson.

CHAPTER V.—THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Narrative Related in Watessing M. E. Church on Sunday Evening, Dec. 2.

"I saw his love, I felt his heart; I felt low at his feet."

"He was lost, and is found."

"As the light faded from the window the sunshine kissed the dew from fruit and flower, ushering in a glorious morn for my return. I saw the old shepherds standing to their duties, calling the sheep from the fold and leading them to the steep, as in days of yore. My elder brother came from the house with the same look upon his face as on the day I left. I wondered, after all, why some people could not have a pleasing look once in awhile. Gathering all the strength I possessed, I decided to face whatever might be for me to meet, and do it like a man—to place the blame of my waywardness just where it belonged, upon myself. I was to blame. I had brought my own disgrace. I paid the price, and had reached a state in my life where I was big enough to confess my wrong, and was determined to do the right thing now.

"Darefully watching, I wondered why my father did not appear. I said, 'He was an early riser. He is here? Will he be able to bear the strain of my return?' I cheered my heart by looking at my old room, and by reading the letter of the Wayward Son. Then my heart spoke to God in prayer. While thus engaged I heard something like a sheep in the thicket struggling to be free, and a voice calling: 'Probator, Probator, Probator!' Hastening toward the sound I saw a lamb caught in the thicket. Calling to the man who was now in sight, I pointed to the lamb and sought to release it. The shepherd, stretching forth his rod, drew the suffering creature from his prison. Taking it up in his arms he said: 'Baton, had you kept in the fold, and with the flock, you would have saved yourself these bruises, and spared me the labor and anxiety of a whole night's search for you.'

"Then turning to me he said: 'Young man, you look like a lost sheep. You need a tender shepherd. Wait here are you going, my son?' 'All I dared to say was: 'I am on a journey and seeking work. I have been living a life of idleness, which has brought me to this state. Who lives in your house?' I ventured to ask. 'That,' spoke the shepherd, 'is where the husbandman Levi dwells. 'I wonder if he would hire me,' I inquired. He replied: 'Mr. Levi is always willing to help any one who is ready to help himself. His principle is that self-help is the best help. One who will not help himself cannot expect the aid of the good Father nor the support of earth. He is a man who believes in work. He has a son who was dissatisfied with his father's rule and went from home. The father loves his son dearly, and has suffered very much since his departure. This morning he sleeps longer than usual. A servant who visited his room said: 'He sleeps soundly, with a smile upon his face.' The first time they have seen a smile from him since his Jacob left. He certainly was wrapped up in that boy. One day I was bringing home a lot of sheep, bleeding and even ready to die, when the husbandman came and there his arms around the wounded sheep, saying, 'Oh, restore him to life. Bleeding, I'd heal his wounds; naked, I'd clothe him with the best of robes; hungry, I'd feed him with the fattest calf. But he must come home.'"

"That father," spoke the shepherd, 'has kept a light in the window every night since he left, and I really think by the many prayers he offers that he expects him back some of these days. Morning and night he climbs to the house-top, and lingers with expectation in his face. I have been associated with Jesus; we meet on the first day of the week—that is the resurrection day—and we never fail to pray for the home-coming of the husbandman's son. We have faith, for Christ said, 'Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' I might offer you one word of advice before I go. Be not discouraged if you do not receive a kind reception from the eldest son. He has no place for the straying. He is a Pharisee of the Pharisees. He has no feeling even for a sheep which leaves the fold. He looks sympathy, and good people without sympathy are very hard to get along with."

"Just as the shepherd went down the hill I caught a glimpse of some one on the roof. It looked like my father. But how he had changed! I saw him turn toward Jerusalem, raising his hand and eyes toward heaven in the attitude of prayer. I knew he was praying for me. He, turning toward the hills, raised his right hand over his eyes, as if he were sure of seeing some one. I shall never forget that figure.

A voice spoke: 'Jacob, that's your father; he's tenderly, patiently, lovingly, looking for thee. Stand forth! he'll know thee.' I moved forward. He saw me; he knew me. He threw up both hands and lifted his face toward heaven. Then down from the roof he came, and up with the bound of a youth. I heard him say, 'My son, my son! My long lost boy! Welcome home, welcome home! 'Tis my boy, my boy! He was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' He threw his fatherly arms around my bare neck, and kissed me, and again he heard a voice from within say, 'Reconciled, reconciled! Pardon, pardon!'

"Forgetting what I meant to say, I cried, 'Father, I am a sinner. I am not worthy to be a son. Set me to work; make me a servant.' Here, calling to the shepherd, he said, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him.' That was my garment of sonship restored. The ring was placed upon my finger, shoes were placed upon my feet; it was a festive day, and tears of joy ran down my cheeks as I entered the dear old homestead once again.

"Father took the harp that had been silent since my departure, and began to play: 'I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath exalted me. The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation. Who is like unto Thee? Glorious in holiness, in praise doing wonders.'

"During the afternoon I related to my father the story of my wanderings, and the great kindness of the Christians; how they had not only shown me Christ, but they had cared for me in my distress. They fed the hungry, clothed the naked, sheltered the straying, visited the sick, gave to the poor. Here I showed him my Christian, and told him I was a believer in Christ, the Messiah, and that I knew He had power to forgive sins. 'Your mother was a disciple, son,' said my father, 'and I have read many letters written by His disciples. The most devoted help I have are those who are loving Christ. They are true, trustworthy. Father and I bowed in prayer, and I went to rest.

"In my slumber I heard the words over and over again, 'Forgiven, forgiven! My people I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Be thou clean. Go in peace and sin no more.'

"Then I saw a company of shining ones come around my bed, and heard them say, 'Behold, rejoice, rejoice! Thy rodage is returned, thy wayward child is home again. Behold, he prayeth, he prayeth! Ring the bells of heaven, for he prayeth!'

"Now my angel mother came and said: 'You are the cause of much joy in heaven to-day. You have been the son of many prayers. They have had their victory. Keep near the cross. Heed not the frowns of the world. Open wide thy heart; let it be as wide as the world. Exalt thy desires; let them rise as high as heaven. Prepare thyself for the Master's service in work and deed. Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt have a crown of life. Be of good cheer. There is one in the discipleship who is waiting to give thee instructions which thy soul will need. She has the kingdom of God and eternal life now. Go tell her the story of thy transformation. She will heed thee. Take to her thy old man; she will understand it.'

"My mother's parting kiss opened my eyes, and I said to myself, 'I had seen a vision of angels; I have a message from God. I had seen myself; I had come to myself. I was given strength to meet my brother's taunts with wisdom, and planned for a life of service. I not only proved to those at home the fidelity of my intentions, but they saw I had a right spirit, and nothing was able to turn me from my purpose. I was firm. I had set my heart on possessing the kingdom of heaven, and working it out in my life, that none could gild me or impeach my uprightness. I needed not the backbiter or the gossip-monger. My heart was fixed; who could harm me now but myself? God was for me; who could be against me?'

"I had been at home long enough for them to have confidence in me, and my influence concerning the Christ grew. I went to the disciples and became one of them. I admitted them the more I saw of them; they were so generous, so peaceful, so patient, so hopeful, so faithful, so eager to show the light of the cross to others, that I really caught the inspiration of greatness. During her sickness you should have seen the power of prayer. She was so patient, so Christ-like. I was delighted to hear such reports of her and wanted to see her, but returned home with my heart full of messages for her. I knew I should yet see her. I felt that love must meet its own. God must unite. I worried not. I simply trusted and kept busy. When the time came I met her sitting beneath the vines, reading: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these ye have done it unto me. I was hungry and ye fed me; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in, sick and ye visited me.' As she looked at me a new creature, and greeted me with the words, 'I welcome you. You have caught the spirit of the kingdom. You bear the sign of the cross. You have been forgiven much, and you must love much.' I related the story of my life; showed her the Christian, and she gave me a spiritual interpretation of it, as filled my soul with adoration. I said in my heart, 'Thank God for a great, good, generous woman, who seeks to live the true life, and bring the reign of God into the lives of those who are in darkness.'

"From the first she became satisfied that God had welded our hearts, and we had the spirit of the more abundant life, and this would bring the life of great peace and rest. As the golden sunset spread his many folded mantles over the closing day, the Master came with that same helpful smile and gave His approving blessing, saying, 'Ye are one; whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Take up your cross and follow Me.' We looked, we listened, and we followed Him."

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